

GREEN LEAVES FROM LIFE'S GARDEN



By



LILIAN HINMAN

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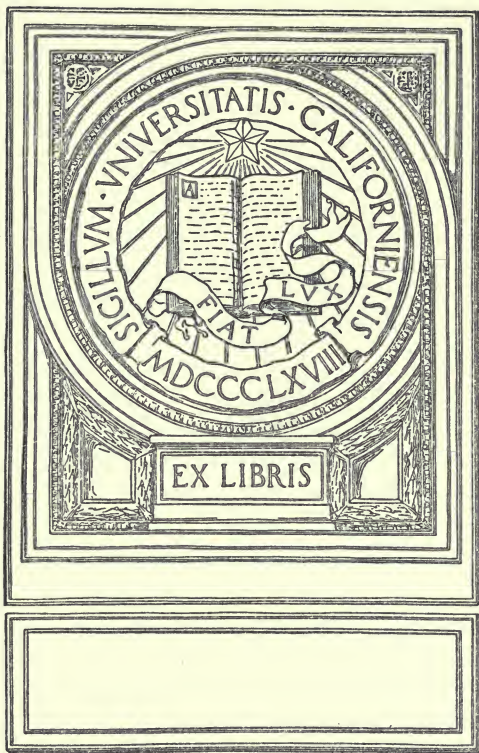
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To my Publisher

Richard G. Badger

With grateful appreciation
of his interest in the
publication of this work

Levin Hirman

June 1909.

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LILIAN HINMAN

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Lovingly dedicated
to the memory of my two babies
who are now white rosebuds
In the Garden of God



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PREFACE

My hammock was swung beneath the shade of two chestnut trees. One, large, full, overhanging with branches that hung low; the other, small and thick, but they mingled their branches together over my head in beautiful confusion.

I faced the body of the large tree, and in the morning as I lay there, I gazed up through the body of the tree which was not too thick to see generous glimpses of blue sky between. How I grew to love that tree; every leaf seemed to be an individual companion. The upper branches that caught the sunshine were filled with light; some leaves glistened like silver, some as they caught the sun's rays gleamed with iridescent color, and seemed as they waved in the breeze to be prismatic in their beauty.

Some were a deep, dark green, dashed here and there with little gold and silver lights; some hung in dense shadows and looked almost black, while others showed the rich beautiful green of the grass, striped with veins of a slightly darker hue, that told of the rich life throbbing within. Some were long, large, and beautifully shaped, some were torn, mangled, and very small; but no matter what their size, shape, or color, each and every leaf on the tree did its own individual work. Not one stopped waving in the breeze because it was torn or small, nor was its work inferior to the largest and most

beautiful leaf on the tree; because each leaf worked according to its strength and power. And no matter how beautiful some looked in the sunshine, or how dark others, they were all *green*; it is only the sunshine that has given them an external beauty.

We are all leaves in the Garden of God. Some of us appear very beautiful when touched by the sunshine of love, health, and prosperity. Some of us seem unlovely when stricken by disease, strained by poverty, saddened by loss, and made lonely without the love that is our God-given right; but if we are the mangled, torn, stunted leaves, we are all *green underneath*.

As the leaf is kept green by the rich sap, which is its life blood flowing through it, so are we kept green by the Divine Light of Love, which is the heritage of us all, rich or poor, beautiful or maimed; and the sunshine of God's smile throws the iridescent colors and makes the only beauty worth having.

While the work of the stunted leaf is as great in its proportion as that of the perfect leaf, if, like the leaf, it has given of its full strength and power.

CONTENTS

<i>Preface</i>	5
<i>Introduction</i>	9
<i>The Motive</i>	10
<i>Dawn</i>	10
<i>Work</i>	12
<i>Hills of Freedom</i>	13
<i>An Indian Love Tale</i>	13
<i>Trust</i>	14
<i>Memories</i>	15
<i>Life's Boulders</i>	15
<i>Roses</i>	16
<i>Love's Evolution</i>	17
<i>The Dream Child</i>	18
<i>Love's Kiss</i>	19
<i>Retrospection</i>	19
<i>A Dream</i>	20
<i>Cast up by the Sea</i>	22
<i>What is Death</i>	23
<i>Where</i>	24
<i>Life</i>	25
<i>Life's Work</i>	26
<i>A Song of Parting</i>	27
<i>The Call of the Deep</i>	28
<i>Where is Heaven</i>	28
<i>To my Baby</i>	30
<i>The Test</i>	32
<i>Met by the Wayside</i>	32

<i>A Voice</i>	33
<i>Star of Hope</i>	33
<i>Character on the Scroll of Eternity</i>	34
<i>A Message from the Sea</i>	35
<i>My Chum and I</i>	36
<i>The Song of the Sea</i>	37
<i>The Cricket's Song</i>	37
<i>The Voice of the Storm</i>	38
<i>Rain</i>	39
<i>Angel Whispers</i>	40
<i>The Angels' Cradle Song</i>	41
<i>An Autumn Day</i>	41
<i>To My Mother</i>	42
<i>Beautiful Hands</i>	43
<i>To My Schoolmate</i>	44
<i>The Message of the Seaweed</i>	44
<i>Sunset at Sea</i>	45
<i>Twilight Whispers</i>	46
<i>A Summer Night</i>	47
<i>Night</i>	47



INTRODUCTION

And every tiny leaf shall tell
The story of God's wondrous light,
The love that shines through all the day
And sheds its beauty o'er the night.
And though we may in darkness walk,
It is because we will not see
The depth and glory of the love
That sheds its peace o'er land and sea.

THE MOTIVE

If thou would'st weigh thy work, O soul,
Thou has not reached the summit of life's bliss;
Thou dost not know the happiness of life
Is told in words like this.

“ Give of the fullness of thy love and life
To all who come to thee in grief and pain,
And yield no thought how much this fruit of thine
Shall come to thee again.”

For happiness lies not in great reward,
But in the power to do the Father's will.
And great shall be thy joy when at the last
God whispers, “ Peace — be still.”

If thou canst not do much, thou must not fret,
But do thy little with a willing hand;
It is the spirit of thy offering God will weigh;
He knows thy motive and will understand.

DAWN

In the gray of the early morning,
'Mid the dew and dusk and stars,
I gazed on a world wrapped in slumber;
As I leaned on the meadow bars.

I had come in the early dawning,
To try with palette and brush
To catch the first gleams of the sunrise
In the morning's faint, sweet hush.

Then I heard a soft, low murmur,
■ And a hush came o'er me then;
'Twas the litany of the flowers
Down in the shadowed glen.

A stream ran through the brushwood,
And the autumn's rosy dawn
Showed me a nest of shadows
Where the glad, bright day was born.

And close by the stream's soft cooing
A wonderful sight met my gaze;
'Twas the form of a lovely violet
In the soft November haze.

And I learned its sad, sweet lesson —
'Twas alone, as I was then —
But it had its mission, as I had,
Though it lived alone in the glen.

For it taught me that life was endurance;
That loneliness, sorrow, and care
Will make a flower fit for heaven
And the heavenly Gardener's care.

And the morning suggested childhood,
The noon brave thoughts of youth;
And as evening twilight deepened
I longed for the land of truth.

So I put by the brush and the palette,
And the picture I wanted to get
Was in my own heart painted,
And my eyes with tears were wet.

WORK

Work for thyself.

The soul that sleepeth is not wise;
Go hence to thy labors,
And prove the courage that within thee lies.

Work for others;

And learn the happiness of time well spent;
Give out thy love and faith,
And like a flash will vanish all thy discontent.

Work for thy Maker;

His love hath formed a Universe of wondrous
 might;
Banish all doubt;
Thou art of Him a part, and *He* is everlasting
 light.

THE HILLS OF FREEDOM

I lived on the hills of freedom,
I loved in the valley below;
But the love I knew in the valley
On the hilltops would not grow.

On the hills is the light eternal;
In the valley the shadow of fear;
I longed for the love supernal,
But the shadows too are dear.

But I'll take that love to the hilltops,
It will bloom up there, I'm sure;
For the love that blossomed in shadow
God kissed — and made it pure.

AN INDIAN LOVE TALE

Softly the twilight is falling
At the close of a summer day;
The birds in the swaying treetops
Are singing their evening lay;
While soft o'er the shimmering waters
The rowboats gently glide,
And in fancy I see the boatman
Steal away with his dusky bride.

How quickly the palefaced boatman
Paddles the waters blue,
Vowing in tender whispers
To be ever loyal and true.
While afar in the distant forest
The Indian warrior brave
Swears to bring back his daughter
Or give her a watery grave.

Stealthily through the brushwood,
With tomahawk by his side,
He tracks the palefaced boatman
Through the forest far and wide;
And he thinks of his dark-eyed papoose,
As her gleaming arrows would fly,
Who brightened his lonely wigwam
In the golden days gone by.

At last o'er the rippling waters
The fleeing canoe he spies,
And swiftly speeding an arrow,
As he paddles the waters wide,

A cry from his dusky daughter
Tells the arrow has found its home,
And the soul of the palefaced boatman
Flees away to the great unknown.

And when the pale moonbeams are gleaming,
A canoe softly speeds on its way;
It carries the murdered boatman
And his dark-eyed bride of a day,
Who, baring her dusky bosom,
With action sure and fleet
She buries a poisoned arrow
And falls with a moan at his feet.

Always, in long years after,
When people would ride that way,
In the bright moon's tender radiance
They shiver and softly say,
"A canoe, with the palefaced boatman
And his lovely, dusky bride,
Glides silently down the river
And is lost in the flowing tide."

TRUST

When night's sable curtain recalls us to slumber,
And Mother Earth croons all her children to rest,
The moon's fairy radiance afar o'er the ocean
Tells me that my Father gives me of His best.

MEMORIES

Farewell! Farewell! the bitter word is spoken,
Hand clasped to hand, and eyes with tears are
wet;

With breaking hearts we cling to love's last token,
Lest we forget.

But still we feel the love that is unspoken,
And memory's solace comes with bitter pain,
But buried deep we yield no thought or token,
Ere we forget.

But through Eternity's vast space we listen
To catch the echo of love's wings passing by;
We see love's image in the stars that glisten;
Can we forget?

And as the ages roll there comes a token
Across the world's illimitable space,
The music of love's whisper still unbroken,—
We'll ne'er forget.

LIFE'S BOULDERS

Rolling the boulders out of the way,
As we climb up the mountain side,
We clear for our loved the stormy path,
For the road is too steep to ride.

Rolling the boulders out of the way,
As we climb up the mountain of life,
Our paths are strewn with the rocks of sin
And made stony by sorrow and strife.

Rolling the boulders out of the way
For our loved ones on life's weary road;
On a pathway of sunshine and radiant light,
We are leading them up to God.

ROSES

Only a spray of roses
To deck a maiden fair,
To greet a lover's proud, glad smile
In a garden waiting there.
One lay upon her bosom,
One nestled in her hair,
And as lips meet in a fond caress
The roses lay smiling there.

Only a spray of roses
To greet a lovely bride
Who goes to the altar to meet her fate,
And to walk through life by his side.
One lay on the floor unheeded,
Another was left on the stair;
And as bride and groom left the chancel,
The roses lay whispering there.

Only a spray of roses
To greet a tiny face
That lay on its downy pillow,
Covered with silk and lace;
One lay in the mother's trembling hand,
One touched the baby fair,
And to greet the heavenly rosebud,
They lay rejoicing there.

Only a spray of roses
That cover a silent form
And gaze on a mother's anguish
And long for the smile that is gone.
Their snowy white petals lay breathing
A fragrance of love and despair;
While a mother kissed a fair, dead face,
The roses lay mourning there.

LOVE'S EVOLUTION

Roll on, thou great and boundless sea,
Ringing in deathless melody,
The wild, sweet song that sirens sung
When we both slept, and worlds were young;
How little we dreamed, dear, you and I,
As we whirled through space from cloud to sky,
Over the mountains wide and free,
We should keep our tryst by the mystic sea.
When we silently winged our way through space,
Echoing joy in our wild, free race,
From cloud to cloud we sped in glee;
And worlds ago you whispered to me
The same sweet words you speak to-day;
Can you tell me, dear, how you found the way
To reach my heart through ages of time?
Tell me, sweetheart, were you always mine?
We have loved through eons of time, my sweet,
We have lived, and slept, while this mighty deep
Rolled on in its course from shore to shore;
Will our love live on forevermore,

Like the turbulent waves of this deathless sea,
Finding in God's eternity
The crowning bliss of our waiting time,
When God and Heaven and you are mine ?

THE DREAM CHILD

Rest your head in silence, darling,
On your mother's happy breast;
He who gave us love and sorrow
Knows for each one what is best.

Thus I whisper in the nighttime
To the babe I never knew,
While my lonely arms are aching,
And my eyes are filled with dew.

Then I dream of baby fingers
Playing over neck and breast;
And the emptiness and longing
Are forever laid to rest.

For I feel a soft kiss linger
Softly over lips and hair,
And my arms are filled with glory,
For an angel nestles there.

LOVE'S KISS

When eyes gaze deep into another's soul,
When lips in tender, close communion cling;
When hungered hearts with love are satisfied
And in their joy no jealous pain can sting;
When heaven lies in tender, witching lips,
When all the glory of the earth is nought,
When all the honey that the sweet bee sips
Is lost beside the lips whose love is fraught
With golden wings of joy, this is love's kiss;
And though thy life be filled with loss and pain
Great joy is thine, the purest of earth's bliss,
For love in memory's dream is thine again.

RETROSPECTION

Only a little glimpse of blue
Peeping from clouds of leaden hue,
Shining down on a storm-tossed sea,
Bringing the sunshine back to me,
Of the hopes and dreams of yesterday,
Whose gladsome light had faded away;
Bringing from memory's misty sea
A dream of the days that used to be.
Just a tiny glimpse of blue
Coming from hearts we know are true
Brings sunshine of love through mists of pain,
And souls are refreshed by the summer rain.
Over the foam-tipped sea of life,
Where battles rage and storms are rife,
Comes love and friendship back to me,
Flooding the land of "Used to be."

A DREAM

I dreamed, as I slept in my stately hall,
Of the coming of Christ, to be Lord of all;
So I garnered my grain and a feast prepared,
For I did not know how my Lord had fared
On his journey through town and village small;
So I found Him a place in my stately hall.

A blare of trumpets called me out
To see what this noise was all about;
It was good King David passing by.
I stopped the pageant to ask him why
I had not been told of the coming of Him
Whom the prophets of old said cleansed all sin.

How shall I know when my Lord has come ?
Will it be with trumpet and beat of drum ?
With a costly crown on His noble head,
And servants to wait by His stately bed ?
Or will He come with an army in grand array,
To prove to the world His kingly sway ?

And King David answered with saintly smile:
He may not travel full many a mile;
He will not come with stately tread,
With garlands crowning His noble head;
He comes like a thief in the dead of night,
While angels but whisper the coming light.

Go seek Him in highways and byways of life;
Go whisper His name where there's anger and strife;
You will see His smile amid sorrow and pain,
For the King has come to his own again.
He dwells in the hearts of the sad and lone,
And the orphaned children He makes His own.

King David passed on with his courtly train,
And I turned to my house and garnered grain,
When a little bird sang on a tree outside,
And a soft voice whispered, "I am here at your
side."
And I turned with a sigh, for I could not see
Aught but a little bird up in a tree.

Its voice was the sweetest I ever heard
To come from the throat of a tiny bird;
And it seemed to say as it trilled its song,
"I belong to the host of the heavenly throng."
"Then the King must be near," I murmured low,
And trembled with fear lest I let Him go.

Then the voice whispered low through my heart's
sad pain,
"His own has come to the King again.
I never have left you one moment alone,
But the glamour of sin has my love overthrown.
It must come through your own God-given free will
To know that I love you and live with you still."

CAST UP BY THE SEA

She lay alone by the moonlit sea,
Clothed in the majesty of death.
Her young life gone by its cruelty,
A marble form lacking only breath,
Washed up by the flowing tide in the night,
Her face shining out through her long, dank hair,
In her dreamless sleep such a pitiful sight,
The form that we loved, that was once so fair.

Where is the spirit that took its flight?
Who heard the heartbroken, pitiful cry?
Our love could not save her in death's dark night,—
Our Father alone knows the reason why
She sank to rest 'neath the cruel wave.
Did we hold her too close, that spirit fair,
And forget that His hand was the one to save?
So He took her to rest with Him up there.

Perhaps the waves loved to caress her form
When they carried God's message of peace to her
heart;
And she understood the voice of the storm
When she flew on its wings to that land apart
From earthly strife and sorrow and pain,
And reached the peace of her Father's breast,
Meeting the dear ones she loved again,
And glad in her freedom, His love and rest.

WHAT IS DEATH?

O mother, is it hard to die,
And shall I be afraid?
Will Jesus take me safely through,
Up to His throne on high?

They say He wipes away all tears,
Dear mother, is it true?
And will He calm my foolish fears,
And make me like Him too?

But do not weep, my mother dear,
For I shall happy be,
And I shall be so very near;
And yet my Lord shall see.

Tell Bettie when she comes, mother,
To take my garden spade
And plant a rosebush on my grave
Just where my head is laid.

Hark! I hear the sound of music!
'Tis angels singing "Welcome home."
Good by, mother, I'm so happy,
For I feel I'm not alone.

WHERE ?

Dedicated to Victoria Woodhull Martin

Where is the land of pure delight,
Where the soul can be free in its soaring flight ?
Where the heart can betray in a burst of song
The freedom of love that can know no wrong ?

Is it far away ? Do I understand
We are journeying on to a better land ?
To a life of truth and love and joy,
Where the gold is pure and without alloy ?

Is it far away beyond ocean blue,
That the light of a life is pure and true ?
Is it up in the clouds in the starry realm,
That love and purity guide the helm ?

No, no, from the shrine of a woman's heart
Has come the courage to rend apart
The veil of ignorance, death, and despair
That encompassed the lives of her sisters fair.

Victory named and victory crowned,
A woman's soul the means has found
To point the way to a hidden goal,
And heaven lies hid in the human soul.

LIFE

Life is an endless rotation
Of tasks that are never done;
Of battles we're always fighting,
Of victories never won.

Life is elusive, alluring,
The goal seems always in sight;
But the end for which we are striving
Seems never to be just right.

The dream of a cherished ideal
Floats back to us through the years,
And the pure happy days of childhood
Return through a mist of tears.

But afar o'er the great world's distance
Gleams sunshine o'er valley and hills,
With love's fairy radiance gleaming
On the life plan the Father wills.

The tasks and the battles are blessings,
And the radiance of love that we feel
Will win us the freedom eternal,
For the ideal will become real.

LIFE'S WORK

There is work to be done in the world to-day!
Will you leave it and leisurely go your way?
There are weary hearts needing a loving smile
To lead them out to the afterwhile.
There are tears to dry, loving words to speak
To the sick, the lonely, the sad, and weak;
Will you leave them to float on an ebbing tide.
While you pass by on the other side?

There are little ones needing a mother's care,
There are hearts that are hungry for love every-
where;
There are struggling ones seeking the path of light,
Will you leave them to sink into darkest night?
The poor and the hungry all need your care,
Those sunken in sin were once pure and fair;
Will you show them the pathway to heaven is wide
Or pass them by on the other side?

God gave you a spirit pure and bright,
Do you show to the world its radiant light?
He gave you the work He meant you to do,
In His vineyard the workers must all prove true.
Some duty lies nearest to every one,
And that is the duty God meant should be done.
Happiness comes when you cast self aside
And refuse to pass by on the other side.

A SONG OF PARTING

Your pathway I have tried to smooth, sweetheart,
And all the thorns of life to toss away;
And every passing ill I've tried to soothe
That came to mar thy happy day.

How much in silence I have borne for thee
Thy true, fond heart, I trust, will never know;
My tireless thought so oft has run before
To guard thy careless feet from every foe.

My quivering lips have forced full many a smile,
Lest they should mar the beauty of thy day,
And in thy presence I have sought the while
The anguish of my own fond heart to stay.

Thy footsteps made my trembling heart rejoice,
The sweetest sound in all the world to me;
I loved the music of thy happy voice,
And sorrow's dregs I drained alone for thee.

But days of grief and joy soon pass away,
And ere to-morrow's sun hast sunk to rest
Thou wilt have left the shelter of my heart
And with thy loved one sought another nest.

God grant that ne'er this newfound love of thine
Will cause thy heart to ache, or ere forget
A mother's love will last throughout all time,
And in her heart there can be no regret.

THE CALL OF THE DEEP

At the twilight hour, when the sun had set,
I hurried away from the noise and fret
Of the city's din, to the sands of the sea,
To hear what its murmur would bring to me,—
Those green sea waves.

The night grew dark, and the ocean's grand
Tumultuous roar washed up on the strand
A little shoe from the stormy deep,
A curling wave laid it just at my feet,—
Those mad sea waves.

And methought in my fancy I saw the form
Of a tiny babe, 'neath the ocean's foam,
In a shroud of seaweed, its cradled bed
A hidden cave in that home of the dead,—
Those sad sea waves.

But there came a voice from the mighty deep,—
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”
From earth's vast shores to ocean's foam
In the Father's love we are safe at home,—
His voice is the glad sea waves.

WHERE IS HEAVEN

Where is the road to heaven, sir?
Asked a trembling little lad.
Is it a long and lonely road,
Is the way so very bad?

Must I go away in a great big ship ?
Over the waters blue ?
My playmates say it is up in the sky,
Do you know if that is true ?

The road to heaven, said the gray-haired man,
Lies all along life's way;
It leads from the tiniest baby heart
To the oldest man of to-day.

It lies through sorrow and sin and pain,
And straight through the valley of tears,
Till you find yourself stranded in left alone land,
In anguish and night's darksome fears.

And then on the mountain of lofty heights
You can climb till you reach the stars,
And you learn from love's own radiant light
That heaven can hold no bars.

You will find the road in a bubbling stream,
In the eyes of a lonely child,
In dropping water o'er broken stones,
In the swaying treetops wild.

So we do not ride to lands afar,
Or reach right up to the skies;
When love divine sheds its radiant light,
Heaven around and within us lies.

TO MY BABY

They say my nose is out of joint,
I wonder what they mean;
I'm sure it seems to have a point
And stay on without a seam.

I wonder why I'm all alone,
I'm sure I ain't been bad;
I didn't poke fingers in the jam,
Or run away from dad,

Or wipe my fingers on the chairs,
Or tear my Sunday frock,
Or make a noise in grandma's room,
Or go in without a knock.

Don't seem to tare for me at all;
I sit here all alone;
They all stay up in grandma's room,
Or say things on the 'phone.

Last night they let me in to see
My mamma, sick in bed,
An' I seed a 'ittle fuzzy sing,
With a awful funny head.

And muzzie called it darling,
Just like she used to me;
It made a lump come in my froat,
And then I couldn't see,

'Cause tears was running down my cheeks,
And nursie she just point,
And whispered close in daddy's ear,
" Her nose is out of joint."

And then I ran right out of doors
And cried myself most sick,
And nursie said 'twas temper,
And I ought to have the stick.

Then what do you think my daddy said ?
" That sing was a baby bruvver."
I don't want it if it is,
I only want my muvver!

I wonder what they're doing now ?
I think I'll peep and see;
They never seem to 'member
A little dirl like me.

Oh, yes, I hear my muvver call,
And I'll go in and see
If I can't drive that bruvver out,
And then they'll all love me.
For then I know that they won't point
And say my nose is out of joint.

THE TEST

It's easy to do the great things,
As we journey along life's way,
But it's hard to rise to the sacrifice
Of the little things day by day.

It's grand to go forth with the army
And join in the battle and strife;
But it's hard to be home with the weight and the
moan
And the anguish of every-day life.

It's hard to be smiling and happy
When our cherished ambitions lie dead,
And we long for the fight, in the battle of life,
But we have to lie helpless instead.

But it's easy to smile in the darkness,
Though our hearts lie in shadow alone,
For where God leads the way it always is day,
And the light of His love is our home.

MET BY THE WAYSIDE

Courage, sad heart, there is an end to waiting;
The night is dark, but bright will shine the day;
Thy Father knows thy weary heart is fainting,
His hand is near to be thy guide and stay.

The load is heavy, and the shadows darken,
And doubts and fears will spring up every day;
His voice rings out, if only thou wilt harken,
And bids thee follow, He will lead the way.

There is no heart so sad but can give greeting
To weary ones who need a loving smile;
Ask God for peace and blessing in thy meeting
With those who hunger and must stay awhile.

He knows thy anguish, that the way is lonely,
'Tis but a little while He bids thee roam;
He whispers work and wait, and trust Him only;
Then comes the glory of thy Father's home.

A VOICE

I stood alone at death's dark portal,
And o'er the distant hills there came the sound of
timbrals from afar.
I listened, but alas, I was but mortal,
And I only caught the echo of the whispering of a
star.

STAR OF HOPE

Shine on, my Star of Hope,
And be thy beams forever bright;
Thy radiance sheds effulgent beams,
And in the shining, radiate God's pure light.

Shine on, dear Heart of Gold,
The Saviour bids thee feed His Lambs,
And them and thee He'll gather to His fold
When at the last He wishes thee well done.

Shine on, thou radiant Star,
And in thy darkest hour
God gathers up for thee the scattered strands,
And shows the crystal clear.

CHARACTER ON THE SCROLL OF ETERNITY

I saw a great scroll of parchment,
It was written in letters of gold,
With characters strange and mystic,
For the parchment was very old.

It was grand in its rugged old beauty,
For it rolled down the ages of time,
And it told in its eloquent silence
The story of lives sublime.

I could not read the first writing,
So puzzling the story of soul,
It seemed to fade out into darkness,
And a shadow was over the whole.

Then my heart felt a chill of foreboding,
As the shadows and dark spots revealed
A history of life's tragic moments
When the spirit by sin was concealed.

Then I found a space that seemed empty,
So faint was the writing and old,
But I looked with eyes of faith's longing
And I found it was written in gold.

Here lay a green leaf unfolding,
There a white rose petal fair,
And I smiled at its glorious beauty,
For the Master's hand was there.

Then I knew that the shadows were needed,
Had their place in the glorious whole,
For they brightened the gold of the writing,
As I gazed on that wonderful scroll.

And the letters grew brighter and brighter,
Till the sun seemed to pale by their side;
And I heard a sound as of laughter
When I opened the parchment wide.

And I knew then that God was the writer,
That His love wrought the plan of the whole,
And His peace cast a radiant lustre
O'er that beautiful story of soul.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA

The ever varying, changeful sea,
That brings in its music a message to me
Of service and love, of joy divine,
Of my oneness with God through eternal time.

The sublime, unchanging, yet varying sea
Brings through the ages its message to me,
Of infinite peace above tumult and strife,
That ebbs and flows through the ocean of life.

As the tides of the ocean recede from the shore,
So friendship will soften the sorrow and strife,
Like bright, opalescent gleams on the sea,
Thy friendship, dear heart, sheds its radiance o'er
me.

MY CHUM AND I

We sat in the hayloft, one bright summer day,
And painted a picture among the sweet hay;
We covered a window, and opened a door,
And gathered the hay up from off the barn floor,—
My chum and I.

We set up the easel and opened our box,
And posed for our picture without any stops;
We painted the rafters, the girl, and the floor,
And all that we missed was the old barn door,—
My chum and I.

And when we grew weary and thought 'twas a
bother,
We watched the old horse with his nose in the
fodder,
And talked of the painters who lived long ago,
And tried to paint pictures, but couldn't, you
know,—
My chum and I.

Then mother dear brought us some doughnuts and
tea,
And said what a wonderful picture 'twould be!
And we talked, and we painted, the long summer
day,
Till the setting sun peeped at us, up in the hay,—
My chum and I.

THE SONG OF THE SEA

There's a song in the sea when the skies are blue
And the sunlight glistens on foam-tipped wave;
It sings of the life that is pure and true,
And the love eternal the Father gave.

There's a song in the sea when the skies are gray,
It murmurs of sorrow and hungry hearts;
It tells of the life that has gone astray,
That lives in shadows its life apart.

There's a song in the sea when the wild winds moan,
Brings its grand tumultuous roar to the sea;
It speaks to the prodigal child, "Come home,
The Christ Love calls thee to Calvary."

THE CRICKETS' SONG

I sat in the loft in the old gray barn,
On a summer's day as the rain came down;
A mouse ran over the old barn floor
And down through the crevice of the old barn door,
As I listened to the crickets singing.

They piped a cheerful and merry lay,
And I thought of the days of the long ago,
When my heart was as gay as the crickets' song,
And I played in the barn the whole day long,
As I listened to the crickets' singing.

But the old gray barn is silent now,
The merry voices we sadly miss;

One mourns alone in a foreign land,
Another has joined the heavenly band,
And the crickets still are singing.

But we'll meet again in the old gray barn,
And listen once more to the crickets' song;
But we'll yearn for the touch of the dimpled hand,
And the silent voice in the far-off land,
While the crickets still are singing.

THE VOICE OF THE STORM

Dreaming alone on the wide, restless ocean,
Thinking of home and the friends far away,
Riding with joy, and a sailor's devotion,
On the breast of the storm and bathed with its
spray.

Turbulent, dashing, its wild billows roaring,
Lashed in grand beauty its glistening foam,
See how the anchor is torn from its mooring
And the staunch little vessel rides on her way
home.

Firm on the bridge the brave captain is standing,
Sure is his hand in the lightning's wild glare,
Guiding in triumph his craft to her landing,
Welcomed by loved ones awaiting him there.

While afar on the ocean another boat drifting,
Stormtossed and helpless her brave captain stood,
Watching in sorrow the angry clouds riftng,—
God and the angels alone understood

That alone and in silence that brave heart was
breaking,—

His shipmates had failed him and left him alone,
True to his vessel, his doom with her waiting,
Glad to find rest neath the ocean's white foam.

Lifting his eyes to the storm clouds' dark splendor,
"Father in heaven, have mercy!" he cried;
I've stood by my ship and I've tried to defend her,
But Thou art the master of wave, wind, and tide.

I thank Thee, my Father, for all of Thy blessings,
The unanswered prayers, and the sorrow and
pain;

I sink now to rest, in Thy tender love resting,
To rise at Thy bidding, and meet Thee again.

With a glad smile of triumph he fell into slumber,
Caressed by the wind spirit, cradled in love,
The ocean's grand requiem made the world wonder,
For it gave to the world a glad song from above.

RAIN

The blessed rain,
Filling with joy the golden grain;
Bringing the parched earth glad relief
From weary thirst and summer heat.

The pattering rain
Makes the sweet flowers glad again,
And the tall trees bend in eager love
To catch each drop sent from above.

The joyous rain,
Filling the earth with a glad refrain,
Showers of blessing, peace, and love
God's benediction sent from above.

The sacred rain
Of sorrow, loss, of grief and pain,
That cleanses each heart from life's alloy,
And fills it with peace and holy joy.

The glorious rain
Of a perfect trust, of a heavenly joy;
Showers of blessing throughout all time,
Drenched with love and light divine.

ANGEL WHISPERS

Mother lies weeping in sorrow and pain,
And longs for the baby she'll ne'er see again;
An angel has swept from the great heights above,
And baby now nestles in God's holy love.

Baby looks down and sees mother in tears,
And longs to return just to comfort her fears;
So God gives him wings, like the birdies, to fly,
And he flew back to earth and kissed all her tears
dry.

Mother is happy and at her work sings,
The babe hovers round her and flutters his wings,
And whispers of God's holy, radiant love,
And tells her to meet him in heaven above.

THE ANGEL'S CRADLE SONG

Mother has gone to the regions of light,
Baby is weeping alone in the night;
Angels are watching o'er cradle so fair,
And mother's bright spirit is one of them there.

Baby is swinging from treetops so high,
Mother looks down from her home in the sky;
How baby laughs as she merrily swings,
And thus is the song that the mother heart sings.

God sends an angel all white robed and fair,
To watch over baby while slumbering there,
And the Mother that soared to the regions of light
Is the angel that guards baby's slumbers at night.

And when the daylight wakes baby so fair,
The angel invisible still watches there,
And whispers to baby of love pure and bright,
And tells her the story of God's holy light.

AN AUTUMN DAY

God has been good to His children,
To give them scenes like this;
He touches the earth with the wand of love
And lo! 'tis a dream of bliss!

TO MY MOTHER

Where did you go to, mother dear,
When your beautiful soul left us sorrowing here,
And your body was laid in the grave away?
Was your spirit with us, I wonder, that day?

The world seems empty without you, dear,
And the longing to meet you is touched with the fear
That you will be changed, and will not know
When I reach that land where I long to go.

Not that I want to leave this world
Till the whole life plan has been unfurled,
The work God gave me has been done,
The battle fought and the victory won.

I cannot feel you are far away,
You seem so near me day by day;
I feel you in storm, in wind, and rain,
When I cry aloud in my love and pain.

Sometimes I see your face in the trees,
And hear your voice in the murmuring breeze;
Your eyes look out of the silent night,
I see your smile in the dawn's soft light.

You come in the night when I'm all alone,
For the dear God loves to comfort His own;
Sometimes I can feel you touch my hand,
I smile and whisper and understand.

So I think it is best God took you, dear,
Your work for Him was finished here;
He needed your love in the land of light
To brighten some star that shines out in the night.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Beautiful, dimpled, tiny hands,
That tremble and reach and twine and cling;
They lead the mother heart up to God,
And teach us that love is so holy a thing
That the angels smile and God's heart sings
With the love that a little child heart brings.

Beautiful hands, so tender and strong;
They reach right up to the heavenly throng;
The God given touch of a mother's hand,
As she ministers love to her little band,
And sends them forth in battle array
To work and to win in God's own way.

Beautiful hands so wrinkled and worn
That their touch is holy, and an angel borne
On the wings of time
Caught their message of love sublime
And has written it down on the records of time;
And if they tremble and lose the way
The Father's hand will bid them stay.

TO MY SCHOOLMATE

The golden gates are open now,
Our darling has gone through;
She is from care and sorrow free,
From tears and trials too.

She's safe within the pearly gates
And leans on Jesus' breast;
We must not weep for Edith now,
For she has gone to rest.

'Tis wrong to mourn for those we've lost,
They're only gone before,
And we shall meet them soon again
On the golden shore.

She sits upon the Lord's right hand
And bids us watch and wait,
For she is sweetly singing now,
Safe within the golden gate.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEAWEED

Oh, call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea,
For lovely and bright and gay tinted are we;
The caves of the ocean afford us a home,
And we carry God's message wherever we roam.

On the foamy tipped billows we ride to the shore,
And oft to our home we return never more;
But we gladden some hearts on the strife-ridden
land,
As we carry the touch of the Father's own hand.

The moon sheds her pale silvery light on the shore,
And we long for our home in the sea caves once
more;
But if God sends a message afar from the sea,
I'm only too happy if He will send me.

SUNSET AT SEA

The golden glory of the setting sun,
Cast radiating gleams of shimmering light
O'er shadowed sea;
The misty realm of coming night
Crept slowly o'er the burnished radiant lea.


The golden glory of the orb of day
Cheers many a lonely heart
Upon the main:
And, gazing o'er the far-stretched, sun-kissed wave,
We long for love's own presence once again.

When sailing brightly o'er life's happy main,
How little value to the love we give
That is our own;
Till cast adrift on broad affliction's sea
The greatest depths of truth and love are known.

TWILIGHT WHISPERS

Softly the twilight is falling,
And far o'er the silent air
The sound of the church bell is calling,
Is calling us back to prayer.

The birds in the treetops are trilling
A service immortal and strong;
They bring to us heaven's own portals,
When we join in the glorious song.

When far o'er the distant valley
 The hush of the cool night falls,
While the peace of the heavenly songsters
Tells us *Love* has encompassed us all.

The peace of the valleys and mountains
Fills my heart with a glory divine,
And I know that the God heart will lead me
To heights of service sublime.



A SUMMER NIGHT

Stratas of fire in a western sky,
Radiant with crimson and purple light,
Shades into everlasting blue,
With the golden glow of a summer night.

NIGHT

Beautiful, sheltering, kindly night,
 Peopled with friends from the great unknown;
Clasping us close from the blazing light,
 Giving peace to the hearts that sorrow alone.

Watched by the glittering silver stars,
 Bathed in the moon's fair radiant light;
Loved by the friends unseen from afar;
 Guarded by those who have passed from our
 sight.

Dreaming alone on the mighty deep,
 God and the angels guarding me;
Cradled by love I sink to sleep,
 Lulled to rest by the mystic sea

Hinman, Lillian

Green leaves from
life's garden

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